

THE  
B A T T L E

OF

A U G H R I M;

Or, the FALL of

MONSIEUR ST. RUTH.

A

T R A G E D Y.

---

By ROBERT ASHTON.

---

To which is prefixed, an extract from the History of Ireland. Not in any former Edition.

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Since Heaven that did our Nature first create,  
Has since ordain'd all Men must bend to Fate;  
So is it also by our Stars decreed,  
The Hero by the Force of War shall bleed.

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ЧИТАДА

40

МЯНДА

БИБЛІОГРАФІЯ

НТУЯ. ТЕДІЯЗКОМ



ЛІН-адресій Бібліо. в. Всесвітній відкритий  
запит таємн. зупинки. 1911

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To His EXCELLENCE

JOHN, Lord Carteret,

Lord Lieutenant General, and General Governor of Ireland.

*May it please your Excellency.*

IT is not without paying the greatest Respect due to Your great Birth and Quality, that I presume to lay this *Tragedy*, the first Fruits of my Labour, at your Lordship's Feet, and at the same time beg your noble Protection, to a Work so meanly perform'd. This memorable Battle, on which the Fate of *Ireland* then depended, was fought on *Sunday, July the 12th, 1691*. The Effects of which, was the entire Subversion of Popery and arbitrary Power; and, surely, an Action which acquir'd so much glory to the *English* Nation ought not to be forgot, when Matters of far less Moment are daily adapted to the Stage. This, my Lord, and your Lordship's shining Character, embolden'd me to undertake this Play, wherein the Honour of several of Your Lordship's Countrymen are very nearly concerned: That your Excellency may therefore, with your illustrious Consort and shining Off-spring, be the lasting Glories of Posterity, and shine in the remotest Annals of the Earth, to be a peculiar Pattern to succeeding Ages, shall be the Prayers of, my Lord, your Excellency's

Most Obedient, Humble,  
and Devoted Faithful Servant,

ROBERT ASHTON.



## EXTRACT from the History of IRELAND, relative to the memorable Battle which was the occasion of this TRAGEDY.

**S**T. RUIK thinking himself secure, and believing the besiegers to have entirely relinquished the design, sent three of his worst regiments during that very night the council of war had been held, to relieve the over-fatigued garrison. (Speaking of Athlone.)

But this being the case, when all things were secretly prepared for the assault, a body of two thousand men was ordered to attempt the passage of the river, whilst others mounting the walls opposite to the enemy, were prepared to cover the design by keeping an incessant fire upon them. Then the English with a great shout suddenly entered the river, and after a smart dispute, made their passage good, attacked the town in several parts, and cut off the communication with St. Ruike's army, which the Irish perceiving, abandoned the place, shifting as well as possible for their safety, while those from whom they expected relief were marching too slowly to their assistance, and seeing the gates of the town now preparing to be turned against them, speedily retreated, and breaking up their camp, withdrew in great haste to Aughrim.

Ginkel had received authority from William to publish a pardon for all such of the Irish as chose to take the benefit of it; but, for reasons best known by himself, the Dutchman had delayed till now to propose it. As soon as it was known, numbers who were dispirited by the late misfortune, took the advantage of it, and this circumstance as well as the reproaches of those who remained, determined St. Ruike to alter his plan of a defensive war and set the fate of Ireland upon the issue of a battle while he had yet the means left him of assembling an army wherewith to make one general effort.

To this purpose he drew together the garrisons he had station-ed in the neighbouring towns, to the number of about twenty-five thousand men, with whom he had resolved to face the ene-my. He had encamped this army on a height in a line which had extended two miles; half a mile from the front below was a bog with two passages, one of which led to the right, the other to the left of his camp. The passage on the left opened into a cornfield, in which, however, only four battalions could form a front. Farther on were difficult grounds, and the ruins of the castle of Aughrim, where cannon were placed. The passage to the right opened upon ground that was wider but yet afford-ed not room for an army. The space between these two passa-ges was filled with hedges and ditches which were lined with troops, and the remainder of the army was ranged upon the heights before the camp.

Ginkle having spent a week in refreshing his troops at Ath-lone, followed with the English army to Aughrim, from whence his approach being discerned even whilst at a great dis-tance, St. Ruth took all precaution to form his troops, in order to prepare them for his reception. He himself made a speech to animate them; the priests ran through all the ranks, causing the men to swear upon the sacrament that they would not de-desert their colours, and using every argument to inspire them with courage, that the love of their religion, or regard for their own honour and that of their country could dictate

This was now indeed a most remarkable situation; for now once more was the fate of Ireland brought to a crisis.—Now was the fate of William and of James in that country to be determined, as well as that of the Protestant and the Catholic interest. The eyes of all was upon this great event, and both parties prepared themselves accordingly.

The English army in two divisions marched to the right and left of the bog, headed towards each other with a design of flank-ing the enemy, and joining on the rising ground, while St. Ruth who stood upon the heights suffered them to pass the bog without interruption, intending to attack two bodies sepa-rately, before they should be in a condition to assist each other. For this purpose, when he found the left wing of the English had ad-vanced into the open ground, he dis-patched most of his cavalry in order to strengthen his right.—On this general Mackay advised Ginkle to draw off part of his right wing to the left, and in the interim sounding the bog, and finding it not im-passa-ble, he ordered part his troops to pass through it to the corn-field on the left, and there to keep their station without pre-f-ling upon the enemy, till he should be ready to flank them.

And at the same time general Talmash marched before, in order to attack the castle of Aughrim. But these troops which Mackay had ordered to remain inactive forgot the injunction, and advanced towards the line of hedges, where they were received by the Irish with a brisk fire. The latter, however, at length retired in order to their enemies on, and the stratagem succeeded; for the English eagerly pursued, till by means of the communication the Irish had made between the hedges, they found themselves surrounded, and fired upon at once in their front, flanks, and rear, while their general, who had not yet overcome the difficulties of the broken ground, could not give them any assistance. This false step was like to have occasioned an entire defeat of that wing; for the soldiers, thus embarrassed, were obliged to give way on all sides; some retiring with precipitation to the corn field, whilst others even fled back through the bog. This was a very disagreeable spectacle to the English generals, who as soon as they could disentangle themselves, \* bent all their force to that quarter, where their friends were distressed, while St. Ruth viewing from his heights the embarrassment of the enemy threw his hat three times into the air and shouted for joy, giving those about him the assurances of what he thought a certain victory. But the consideration of the shame, and still more of the danger of the defeat, worked upon the English, that having surmounted the first difficulty, they not only kept their ground, but after a fierce struggle advanced upon the enemy. The weary St. Ruth now finding the scene was about to change, and observing the two divisions of the enemy to the right and left gathering upon the rising grounds, resolved with all speed to prevent the junction. — Preparing himself therefore to descend with a strong body of horse from the heights, where he had hitherto remained, "Now," said he, "will I drive the English to the very gates of Dublin."

He had resolved to fall upon the enemy in a dangerous halloo way, through which the were to pass; but in his way he was slain with a cannon-ball, which so disheartened his soldiers that they first halted and afterwards fled; nor could Sir John, who was second in command, when they were rallied give any succour to the army, since having been at enmity with St. Ruth, he knew nothing of that general's plans or disposition. The whole Irish army was now divided into three bodies, neither of which knew what plan they were to act upon, while the two divisions of Ginkel's army, conducted by their generals,

\* Geoghegan,

who still kept that uniform disposition with which they had at first set out, and which alone could procure them victory, of verging towards each other, found themselves every moment nearer attaining their end, and the body of English appointed to pass the hollow way having compassed their design, began to attack their enemies in flank, who were totally unable to prevent them; which perceiving, after a struggle that was vain, they fled with precipitation, and abandoned the field to the English who gained a complete victory, which however they sullied by their cruelty in granting no quarter to the vanquished, who lost about seven thousand men in the action and pursuit, together with their tents, baggage, and military stores, which fell into the hands of the enemy, whose loss amounted to little more than seven hundred slain in battle.

It is highly probable that the English owed this victory to the death of the French general, who though he was but ill beloved by the Irish, and had lost them Athlone, was yet a good general, as James well knew, when he sent him to take the command. Nor would even the loss of him have been attended with such fatal consequences to the Irish, if the disputes between him and Sarsfield had not prevented the latter from being acquainted with the dispositions of the former. After all, it must be allowed that the Irish made a most gallant resistance as long as there was any probability of success, and therefore deserved to be treated as a valiant enemy.

Limerick being the only place of any considerable strength remaining in the hands of the Irish, thither the fugitives retreated, and thither Ginkel prepared to follow them, taking all the places which lay in the way, and Galway among the rest, the garrison of which town were permitted, by the articles of capitulation, to retire to Limerick, where in all likelihood they were of more disservice than use to their countrymen that were crowded up within the limits of that place.

17. 11. 23. 1812

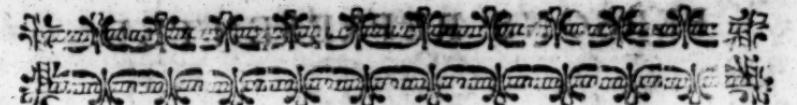
T O

Mr. ROBERT ASHTON.

*On his Play of the Battle of AUGHRIM.*

When Youth appears so soon in quest of Fame,  
And as a Sportsman bravely meets his Aim,  
The Herd of Critics for a Share contend,  
And find such Faults they know not how to mend ;  
Whilst as an Eagle soaring in the Sky,  
You dare their pleen and all their Rage defy,  
For, Sir, with greatest Pleasure I survey  
*A'bens* eclips'd by this your tragic Play ;  
The Plot so noble, and in every Line,  
Both Wit and Eloquence peculiar shire.  
Here we may view, how, in a crimson Field,  
*Britain's* dread Sons taught *France* and *Teague* to yield,  
Withstood their Fury in *Hibernia's* Cause.  
Then surely such a Theme deserve Applause ;  
For sure you are alone, Fame justly says,  
The first *Hibernian* Bard who merits Bays :  
Then *Ash'ton* never fear, the Chace pursu :  
Court her, she flies from us, but yields to you ;  
Embrace the Task, and in the End you'll find  
That Honour waits to crown a studious Mind.  
The amorous Lark, who first receives its Breath  
Within some verdant Turf low on the Earth,  
Assuming Strength, her wanton Breast she heaves,  
And from her Nest the losty Sky surveys,,  
Then claps her wings, and strives to fly in vain,  
The little Songster's forc'd to fall again ;  
But striving still, and taking better Care,  
She soars aloft, and mounts into the Air ;  
So may you rise with **Fame**, and still excel,  
And your chief Glory be in writing well.

CHARLES USHER, T. C. D.



# PROLOGUE.

WE crave your Audience, Judges of the Age,  
Whilst a renowned Story mounts our Stage,  
Heroic Deeds and *Anglo-Irish*'s glorious Fight,  
With War and Bloodshed, swells our scenes To-night.  
Never did *Cæsar* do an Action bolder,  
And was our Author but a little older,  
Not *Pompey*'s Triumphs, nor great *Scipio*'s Fame,  
Could once compare with glorious *William*'s Name:  
'Tis true, the *Irish* found it to their Cost,  
They fought that Battle bravely which they lost,  
Even like *Hectors* as for a Time they stood,  
And ere they run, they dy'd the Field in Blood;  
Nor great *Pharsalia*, nor the *Africk* Coast,  
Could ever yet so great a Won'der boast;  
But should the Play fall short upon my Truth,  
You may impute it to our Author's Youth!  
Scarce Tender twenty, in a childish Age,  
To bring so great a Subject to the Stage,  
Then Critics Judge with Temper as you sit,  
Nor let not Malice over-rule your Wit,  
For if you do, by Jove we'll damn your Pit:  
Sit not like Dogs in Hay, prepar'd to damn,  
That will not eat, nor suffer those who can:  
For sure you would be bold, shouldst you pretend  
To damn a Play that *CARTERET* will defend.  
No, Critics, rather first in Duty rise,  
And speak Lord's *CARTERET*'s Virtue to the Skies;  
Let all our Cannon with their Smoke convey  
His shining Glories to the ambient Sea:  
O speak his Fame to each remotest Isle,  
To *Euphrates*, and the famous *Nile*,  
And may *Hibernia* long enjoy a Friend  
Like him, to shelter, govern and defend.  
Now to the Ladies we submit the Cause,  
And from their Eyes expect to gain Applause;  
For at the First our Author too a Care  
To find a little Love to please the Fair.  
Then, Ladies, pray do Justice every Way,  
Pity his Youth, and strive to save his Play;  
But if it must be damn'd, why dash away.

# PERSONS REPRESENTED.

## M E N.

*Baron de Ginkle,* General of the *English*,

*Marquis Ruyvigny,* }  
*General Talmaſſb,* } Generals of the *English Army*.  
*General Mackay,*

*Colonel Herbert,* } English Colonels,  
*Colonel Earles,*

*Monsieur St. Ruth,* General of the *Irish*.

*Sarsfield, Lord Lucian,* } Irish Generals.  
*General Dorrington,*

*Colonel Talbot,* } Irish Colonels,  
*Colonel Gorion O'Neal,*

*Sir Charles Godfry,* } A young *English* Gentleman of  
Fortune in Love with Colonel Talbot's Daughter, and  
a Volunteer in the *Irish Army*.

## W O M E N.

*Jemina,* Colonel Talbot's Daughter.  
*Lucinda,* Wife to Colonel Herbert.

*With Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, Guards,  
and Attendants.*

SCENE, *The Irish Camp, near Athlone.*



THE  
BATTLE  
OF  
AUGHRIM.

ACT L SCENE I.

SCENE. *A Camp.*

The Play opens with a martial Sound of Kettle Drums and Trumpets behind the Scenes, after which the Curtain goes up and discovers St. Ruth, Lord Sarsfield, and Colonel Gordon O'Neal, as fitting in Council; they rise and come forward.

St. Ruth.

**S**ecure brave Sarsfield, in our Camp we lie,  
And from our Lines the British Force do fy,  
Though in their Cause both Dutch and Danes do join  
To boast their dear bought Conquest of the Boyn.

From yonder Hil, my Lord, I can survey  
Some great Rejoicing in their Camp To-day,  
For in the Air I could behold afar,

Their Ensigns waving in the Pomp of War,  
Their Cannon firing, and the Smoke arise,,  
As with their Acclamations reach the Skies.  
Believe me, Sir, these Wiggish winds do bring  
Soe lying Packet from their *Orange* King,  
The vicious Allies do some Fort invest,  
Or else their Fleet has cannonaded *Brest* ;  
But let their Arms in *Flanders* so proceed,  
By us the fam'd *Hibernia* shall be freed.

Our *Flower de Luce* and *Harp* we will display  
To bright those Wolves and Lions Cubs away,  
Those Nun contemners, that pollute the Soil,  
And grow both fat and wanton with your Spoil ;  
For which great *Lewis* anxious of the Land,  
Hath sent me here your Army to command.

*Sars.* We stand indepted to the Christian King,  
Next, Sir, to you, who do those Succours bring. } *Bow-*  
Long may you live in martial Pomp to wield } *ing.*  
A Hero's Sword, the Truncheon, or the Shield,  
You see our King, and Race of Priests are sent  
With all their Relics into Banishment,  
Our State is sunk, and now on every Side,  
The *Pope* and *Triple Crown* are both deny'd.  
Our Foe the Metropolitan commands,  
And all the Power is wrested from our Hands,  
No Garrison we hold to call our own,  
But *Limerick*, *Galway*, and stout *Athlone*.  
Which you, my Lord, have seen from yonder Ground,  
With *British* Forces quite beleagur'd round.  
From whence our Letters say that every Morn  
They stand in Danger of a general Storm.

*O'Neal.* Fear not, my Lord, but scorn the Revolution,  
And like great *Cato* smile at Persecution.  
When that brave *Roman* found his aged Hand,

No longer could defend his native Land,  
Against himself the fatal Sword he drew,  
And with it pierc'd his guiltless body through,  
Then let us, Sir, like him disdain to fly,  
But dig our Graves in Honour ere we die,  
Or like true honest Souls retrieve our Liberty.

St. Ruth. There spoke the Genius of the Common-  
weal,

A thought so noble suits the great O'Neal ;  
Thy Predecessors with Heroic Fame,  
Once quell'd *Erthugises* the haughty *Dane*,  
When he in Triumph lay encamp'd between  
The Hill of *Terah* and the losty *Screen* ;  
They cross'd the *Boyn*, and in the dead of Night  
Slew all his Guards, and put his Troops to flight,  
Lest some as Tygers weltering all in Gore,  
And drove the Reunant to their frozen Shore ;  
Thus, like brave Souls, by one courageous Stroke,  
They freed *Hibernia* from the *Danish* Yoke.  
Then shall a Soul like your's be kept in awe,  
By *England's* Power or their proud *Nassau* ?

No—stay—his Crown shall fall—

Nay his Dominions moulder by degrees,  
As Leaves in *Autumn* with'ring of the Trees.  
*James* shall return, and with great Pomp restore  
Our *Romish* Worship to the Land once more,  
And drown these *Heretics* in crimson Gore.

Sars. When that day comes, which I most wish to see  
We'll strip the Branches from their *Orange* Tree,  
Lop down his Boughs, whilst this true *Irish* Hand  
Shall scourge those *English* Vipers off the Land ;  
Then shall our *Monks* and *Jesuits* all return,  
And holy Incense on our Altars burn,  
Whose arduous Smoke shall penetrate the Air.

[A Horn sounds within.]

St. Ruth. Hark ! a Post arrives who does some Message bear.

## Enter a Post.

*Post.* With important News I from *Athlone* am sent,  
Be pleased to shew me to the General's Tent.

*Sars.* Behold the General, there your Message tell.

*St. Ruth.* Declare your Message, are our Friends all well?

*Post.* Pardon me, Sir, the fatal News I bring,  
Like Vultures Poison every Heart shall sting.  
*Athlone* is lost without your timely Aid,  
At six this Morning an Assault was made,  
When under Shelter of the *British Cannon*,  
Their Grenadiers in *A*n *our* took the *banm*,  
Led by brave Captain *Sandy's*, who with Faine  
Plung'd to his Middle in the rapid Stream:  
He led them through, and with undaunted Ire,  
He gained the Bank in spite of all our Fire;  
Being bravely follow'd by his Grenadiers,  
Though Bullets flew like Hail about their Ears,  
And by this time they enter uncontroll'd.

*St. Ruth.* Dare all the Force of *England* be so bold,  
T<sup>r</sup> attempt to storm so brave a Town, when I  
With all *Hibernia's* Sons of War am nigh:  
Return; and if the *Britons* dare pursue,  
Tell them *St. Ruth* is near, and that will do.

*Post.* Your Aid would do much better than your  
Name,

*St. Ruth.* Bear back this Answer, Friend from  
whence you came.

[Exit Post.]

*Sars.* Send speedy Succours and their Fate prevent,  
You know not yet what *Britons* dare attempt.  
I know the *English* Prowess is such,  
To boast of nothing, though they hazard much,  
No Force on Earth their Fury can repel,  
Nor would they fly from all the Devils in Hell.

*St. Ruth.* Name them no more, my Lord, but pray  
forbear,

I will not aid them by my Name I swear ;

'Tis but a Scoff, a Ridicule to try,

Would I out brave 'em in the Victory.

Dare *British* Force attempt to make them yield,

When as the *Sultan* I command the Field.

*Sars.* Boast not, my Lord, but rather take a View

Of What those *Britons* did in France subdue,

See what their *Edward* did on *Cressy* Plain,

Or where at *Poictiers* he the Field did gain ;

Then tell would those *Britons* fear your Name,

Though I'm their Foe, I must espouse so far,

The *English* Honour in the Feats of War ;

To say with Glory they would rather die,

Ere they with Shame would from a Million fly.

Enter Colonel TALBOT.

*St. Ruth.* Brave Colonel *Talbot*, thy victorious Hand,  
Nurtur'd in Arts of War, can best command,  
Thou *Irish Scipio*, let your Word alone,  
Pronounce your Thoughts, say shall we aid *Athlone* ?

*Talb.* Pardon me, Sir, I fear it's past your Aid,  
For from a rising Ground I now survey'd  
The *British* Standard on the Walls display'd,  
No further confirmation need you crave,  
That Town is lost which you deny'd to save.

*Sars.* Now, see, my Lord, what *English* Hearts  
can do.

*St. Ruth.* They dare not, Sir, the news cannot be  
true.

*Talb.* 'Tis true, by Heav'n ! you'll find it to your  
Loss,

I saw the Walls o'er spread with *George's* Cross.  
And with Remorse, just as a pointed Dart,  
Shot from a Thunder-bolt, it pierc'd my Heart ;  
This I beheld and hear their Cannon roar,  
I turn'd my Back, and would behold no more.

*Enter Major General DORRINGTON.*

*Dor.* Misfortune, Death, and Horror! Oh, the Grief!

*Athlone* is lost, and now is past Relief.

The flying Soldiers from the Town do run,  
And now for Shelter to the Camp they come.

*St. Ruth.* Then it is surely taken past a doubt.

Haste, order my Guards to march and beat 'em out,

*Sars.* Easily said, could they as soon obey.

We'd make the Scutums for their Entrance pay;

But yet I fear, in an unlucky Hour,

They will not fly from you, nor all your Power.

*Dor.* The Works that face our Camp are yet entire,  
And now their Guns against our Tents do fire;  
Except we straight decamp by your Command,  
There's not a Tent in all our Lines can stand.

*St. Ruth.* Then loiter not but found to Arms on

fight,

Decamp and march to *Milton* pass to Night,

And in good Order all to *Aughrim* fly,

For there's the Spot on which I'll choose to die }  
Or by the dint of Sword my Fortune try.

Haste, see the Tents struck with care, and all things  
done,

And draw them off without the beat of Drum.

{  
*Enter* Dorrington, Talbot and O'Neal.

*Sars.* Be calm my Soul, thy swelling spleen assaige,  
And curb the boiling madnes of my Rage;

Now let the Earth be in a *Chaos* hurl'd,

Whilst Earthquakes rise and overthrow the World,

Let gloomy Vapors veil the dusky Air,

And let all Mankind sink beneath Despair,

Let *Sol* and *Cynthia* now withdraw their Lig't }  
And let the Stars no longer rule the Night,

But let the Course of Nature be extinguish'd quite.

Oh Heaven! *Athlone* is lost, that lovely Seat,

The pride of Empire, and the Throne of State,  
Thy Sons are slaughter'd, and thy Walls brenny'd,  
Because that Traitor would not send thee Aid ;  
But I'll revenge the Wrong, and he shall fall,  
The Crime is great, though the Revenge is small.

[Draws.

Come, draw—— and let your Sword afford your Heart  
Relief.

St. Ruth. Consider Sarsfield, I am here your Chief.  
Your Country's Ruin would attend your Strife ;

Sars. No thought but that alone could save your  
Life ; [Puts up.

That binds my Sword, or by the Lord, I swear,  
I'd send your Soul to wallow in Despair.

St. Ruth. You'd send my Soul ! there I conjure you  
hold,

For know, proud Traitor, you are now too bold ;  
Detested from my Camp you shall be driven,  
Without the hopes of finding Aid from Heaven.

Sars. You dare not drive me, nor I wont obey.  
Yet know, curst Mongrel here I will not stay ;  
I'll quit your Camp, then shall you surely find,  
There's not an *Irish* Soul will stay behind,  
Then with the Remnant of my chosen Band,  
I'll drive your Frog devourers off the Land.  
My Eyes like *Basilisks* shall dart you through,  
Then will I next the *British* Power subdue ;  
Without your Aid, I will their force defeat,  
To free my Country, and my lost Estate.  
Mean while, let Vengeance, War and public Shame,  
Trace your damn'd self, your Country and your Name.

[Exit.

St. RUTH, Solus.

St. Ruth. Insulted, and abandoned ! Oh ye Gods !  
Did ever Man meet such unequal Odds !

Sent by my King to save a stubborn Crew,  
 Who with Perdition would my life pursue,  
 But hold my Heart, dispel these timorous Fears,  
 For lo! O'Neal and Dorrington appear.

Enter DORRINGTON, TALBOT and O'NEAL.

O'Neal. Your Orders are obeyed, my Lord, the  
 right Detachment of your Horse is out of Sight,  
 Your left, the Centre, and the Royal Train,  
 Are on their march, and have forsook the Plain.

St. Ruth. Success attend 'em, but, O'Neal I fear,  
 The boisterous Surges of our Fate are near.  
 A gleam of Horror does my Vitals daup,  
 I fear Lord Lucan has forsook our Camp.

O'Neal. Great Heaven forbid! the Hero should de-  
 sert.

The thought like Lightning blasts me to the Heart.  
 As I rode through our Lines to move this way,  
 He marshal'd forth his Troops in bright array  
 And with a smile, which spoke his inward worth,  
 He boldly bid them spread his Banners forth.  
 This, Sir, I heard; then next his Sword he drew,  
 Mounted his Steed, and bid them all pursue,  
 Their Country's Freedom, and its Soil redeem,  
 From servile Bonds—But when he found I'd seen,  
 His forward Inclinations every way,  
 He way'd his Arm aloft, and bid me stay,  
 To join his Party, time will shew the rest.

St. Ruth. Thy News, like rushing Torrents, have  
 delug'd my breast,  
 But haste, O'Neal my Friend, and overtake  
 His rash Resolves, and for thy Country's sake,  
 To his great breast the threatening Danger shew,  
 Entreat him, nay, beseech him not to go,  
 Bring him to Aughrim, and if you prevail,  
 When we are joined, we will our Foe affl.

Do this, brave Friend, with Eloquence on sight,  
Whilst in the Rear I shall make good our flight.

[*Exeunt St. Ruth, Dorrington and O'Neal.*

*Colonel TALBOT, solus.*

*Talbot.* Should he desert, ye Powers! I will not stay;

But like Lord *Syphax* bear my Troops away,  
Confound the *Bougre* ere I do retire,  
And set *Olympus* on a flame of Fire;  
For sure the Gods our ruin do decree.

*Enter Sir CHARLES GODFREY.*

*Sir Char.* By the account she gave, this must be he.

[*Afide.*

Behold a Stranger kneels and humbly prays,  
[*Kneels.*

That you would add some moments to his Days.

*Talb.* Wrap me not in Confusion, but explain  
Your wrongs, young Soldier, and from whence you  
came.

*Sir Char.* My heart, ensnar'd by love does inward  
bleed.

If *Talbot* is your Name I will proceed.

*Talb.* Strange Youth, it i — arise, and pray disclose,  
[*Herises.*

With free access the Author of your Woes.

*Sir Char.* Then, S'r, to tell you all my final Case,  
I am a *Briton* of a *Saxon* Race;  
Sir *Charles Godfrey* is my lawful Name,  
My Father, in our late great Monarch's reign,  
Was by a band of Villains basely slain.  
He being dead, I was of Friends bereft,  
One virtuous Sister only had I left,  
And she is wedded, as I needs must own,  
To Colonel *Herbert* now before *Athlone*.

'Thither was I going, when by chance I spy'd,  
 Thy Daughter sitting by a Forest side,  
 I stood amaz'd, and view'd her o'er and o'er,  
 And as I view'd, alas ! I lov'd the more.  
 She seem'd so charming to my ravish'd Eyes,  
 That mighty Juno hovering from the skies,  
 Drawn by her Peacock through the liquid air,  
 Must yield her throne to one so killing fair.

*Talb.* Eloquence well turn'd ; young *Marcus*, what  
 remains ?

*Sir Char.* Her beauteous Charms have set my heart  
 on flames.

When on my Knees I did for Mercy sue,  
 Her answer was, I must appeal to you.  
 Then, noble Sir, if mercy is confin'd  
 Within the Dictates of a Warrior's Mind,  
 Impower this Sword to serve her heavenly Charms,  
 I'll court her in the Field by deeds of Arms,  
 In spite of Death, and all its loud Alarms.

*Talb.* Thy suit shall be accept'd gallant Youth,  
 Let me inform our General, St. *Rutb*,  
 If he receives you, then I pawn my Oath,  
 Win her, she shall be your's, and blefs you both.

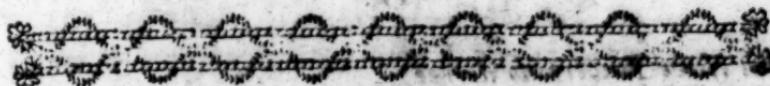
*Sir Char.* How shall my Gratitude reward your  
 care ?

*Talb.* Follow to Aughrim for we stand it there :  
 By force of War make good your rightful claim,  
 And Wreaths of Laurel for our Monarch gain.

*Sir Char.* Now, like the Mariner, I leave the shore,  
 And put to Sea in search of golden Ore,  
 Thro' boisterous Surges plough the troubled main,  
 'Midst Rocks and Tempests, and at last attain  
 A bay of Love, and pleasure for my pain.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The End of the First A C T.*



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, the Plain of Aughrim at five in the Morning.  
The Irish Camp and the Castle of Aughrim appearing  
at a Distance.

Enter JEMINA who sits down and sings.

THE Gods, look down and see a Maid,  
By cruel fortune thus betray'd  
A Sacrifice to Fate:  
A Youth I love, and he is brave,  
Like mighty Mars ordain'd to serve,  
But yet to captivate.

II.

Come all ye Nymphs, who ever knew  
What Cupid or his darts could do,  
Give ear unto my moan;  
Pity my pain ye Maids and know  
I love, but cannot tell him so;  
Then melt each Heart of Stone.

III.

Immortal Gods, some pity shew  
On constant Lovers here below.  
Whom Dangers do surround,  
Let them at last, when all is clear,  
Enjoy their Love and only dear;  
And let their Joys abound.

## IV.

But if the Powers do decree  
 That I must loose my Liberty,  
 Distracted will I run.  
 To seek some dismal fatal Grove,  
 There fall a Victim to my love,  
 And so be quite undone.

[She rises and comes forward.]

Hail, sweet Hibernia, hospitable Isle,  
 More rich than Egypt with o'er flowing Nile ;  
 Fair garden of the Earth, thy fragrant Plains  
 Are seats of War, and thy sweet purling Streams  
 All run with blood, and vengeance seems to trace  
 The shining Remnant of Hibernia's Race.

Enter Sir CHARLES GODREVY.

Sir Char. See how fair *Venus*, like the breaking  
 Morn,  
 With Virgin blushes does the Plains adorn,  
 The gleamy Damps of Night she does controll  
 And darts her Rays to cheer my drooping Sout.  
 Oh ! my *Jemina*, listen while I say  
 The News I bring shall bless the breaking Day :  
 Apollo rises from his Eastern Seat  
 To crown those Joy my Tongue can scarce repeat.

Jem. What Joy is this, Sir Knight, you would im-  
 part ?

Sir Char. Such as has rais'd a Sun-shine in my  
 Heart.

Thy gallant Sire has granted all thy Charms,  
 With all thy heavens, to these transported Arms.

Jem. Oh ! name not Joys like these for heaven's  
 sake,

What, is not love, nay, Fortune both at Stake ?  
You see my Country's Fate reduc'd so low,  
To try a Gamester's chance for one poor throw.

Sir *Char.* Let not a thought so vain as this perplex  
The brightest Star of all thy beauteous Sex :  
For if your Country should in danger be,  
By Heaven ! I swear I'd die to set it free :  
Inspir'd by you I'd rush against my fate,  
Like *Saladine*, and all your Foes defeat.  
Then fairest on the Earth, do not despair,  
For heaven, who formed you so divinely fair,  
Will make your safety its peculiar care.

*Jem.* Forbear, Sir Knight, the language I detest :  
Could thoughts like these inflame a Virgin's Breast,  
At this sad time, when Love's auspacious charms  
Are all declin'd for martial deeds of Arms ?  
And at my throbbing heart there's something too,  
Whispers within, that Men are seldom true :

Sir *Char.* Witness with me, ye Gods ! who rule the  
sky,

How far my Nature is beyond a lie ;  
If I dissemble, may I ever be  
A sad example to Posterity !  
When first your fair angelic Form I view'd,  
The God of Love my liberty subdu'd,  
From your fair Eyes he stole a fatal Dart,  
And sheath'd it reeking in my captive Heart ;  
Nothing therefore can end my raging pain,  
Unless for love you grant me love again ;  
For if you do my fervent suit deny,  
I like the *Phœnix* in my nest will fry,  
Till cruel Death shall finish all the strife,  
And I in scorching flames give up my Life ;  
Then as my Ghost to Paradise shall go,  
I'll praise that Heav'n in you I leave below.

Jem. Can flattery like this proceed from one  
Whom all my thoughts are solely fixed upon ;  
Your Eloquence divine my heart does move,  
And now, in spite of Virtue, I must love.  
Here, take my Hand, 'tis true, the gift is small,  
But, when I can, I'd give you heart and all.

Sir Char. Thanks to the Gods ! who such a present  
gave.

Such radiant graces ne'er could Man receive. ;  
For who on Earth has e'er such transports known ?  
What is the *Turkish* Monarch on his throne,  
Hem'd round with rusty Swords in pompous state ?  
Amidst his Court no joys can be so great,  
Retire with me, my Soul, no longer stay,  
In public view, the General moves this way. [Exeunt.

[A Flourish of Trumpets within.

Enter St. RUTH, DORRINGTON, and O'NEAL.

St. Ruth. Is *Sarsfield* then return'd ? O b!efs the  
"Day !

Draw out our troops to line the Hero's way ;  
Amidst our Shouts in triumph shall he come,  
Like great *Emilius* when he enter'd *Rome*,  
In pomp, bedew'd with *Macedonian* tears.

Dor. Behold, my Lord, *Sarsfield* the brave appears.

Enter SARSFIELD.

St. Ruth. Now stand distraction ! here thy Con-  
quest ends. {Embracing. }

Thrice welcome to my Heart, the best of Friends,  
The Rock on which our Holy Faith depends ;  
May this our Meeting as a tempest, make  
The vast Foundation of *Britannia* shake,  
Tear up their *Orange* Plants, and overwhelm

The strongest Bulwarks of the *British* Realm !  
Then shall their *Dutch* and *Hanoverians* fall,  
And *James* shall ride in Triumph to *White-Hall*.  
Then, to protect our Faith, we will maintain  
An *Inquisition* here, like that in *Spain*.

*Sars.* Mo't bravely urg'd my Lord ; your skill I  
own,

Would be unparallel'd had you sav'd *Athlone*.

*St. Ruth* Probe not those wounds anew, lest they  
create

Some fresh commotions to draw on our *Fate* ;  
But rather let us some example shew,  
And issue forth on the Imperious Foe,  
Who now comes on, like swelling Waves, which roar,  
To dash on Rocks, and brake against the Shore.  
The latest Letters from my Spies do say,  
That near the River *Suck* the *Britons* lay,  
Secur'd of *Conquest*, and will hither come,  
Like boisterous Surges guided by the Moon.

*Dor.* There fear 'em not, whilst here we lie se-  
cure,

As ever *Guiscard* did in great *Nature*,  
You see, my Lords, our Camp on every Side,  
Is both by Art and Nature fortify'd ;  
For Situation, not a Spot of *Ground*  
Like this in all *Hibernia* can be found.

[*An Alarm within.*

Enter *Colonel Talbot* hastily.

*Tal.* To Arms, my Friends ! the *English* are in sight  
And, in contempt of Death, resolve to fight  
Despising Fear, like Furies they advance.  
In open War, to dare the Power of *France* ;  
Their echoing Shouts the pregnant Vallies fill,  
And all our Works are level'd on the Hill ;

C

Our Scouts no longer at this Post can stay,  
But fall like Snow that gently thaws away.

St. *Rush*. Be it your Care to march with present  
Aid.

Tul. Your Orders, Sir, with speed shall be obey'd.  
[Draws his Sword, and Exit.

[Drums beat within.

St. *Rush*. Come, let us arm, my Friends, and at the  
Head,  
Of every Regiment let a Mass be said;  
Draw forth our Army in the best Array,  
To try the Fortune of this doubtful Day;  
For sure these *English Scallions*, void of fear,  
Design to force our Lines, and fight us here;  
But should they come, their late victorious Band  
Shall fall like Wheat before a Reaper's Hand.

Dor. But first, my Lord, I hold it best, that we  
On *Kilcommodon* post our Cavalry.  
Behind these Hedges let some Forces stand,  
That may the Centre of the Bog command;  
Then shall we see, for all their great Design,  
If *Scanderberg* himself dare force our Lines.

[A second Alarm within.

Enter *Sir CHARLES GODFREY*, his Sword drawn  
and bloody.

Sir *Char.* Arm, quickly arm, why stand ye loitering  
here,  
In cold Debates, the conquering Foe is near.  
Brave *Cunningham's* Dragoons, Sir *Albert*, at their  
Head,  
Have pav'd the Field all over with the Dead;  
Before the gallant Knight no force could stand,  
But all submitted to his mighty Hand.

More could I say, but Horror stops my Speech.

*St. Ruth.* Nay, tell out the worst young Soldier, I beseech.

*Sir Char.* Alas! my Heart, I tremble to explain,  
But since I must—*Talbot* the great is slain.  
Lord *portland's* Horse approach the mortal Fight,  
With Sword in Hand, and put our Troops to flight :  
This *Talbot* saw, and like a Hero hold,  
Disdaining Life, he scorn'd to be controul'd,  
But, as a *Mars*, amidst the throng he run,  
And there he stood like Marble to the Sun,  
Till being flank'd and hack'd on every side,  
By Multitudes oppres'd he bravely dy'd :  
I strove in vain, and by his Side I stood,  
Till as you see, I dy'd my Sword in blood.

*Sars.* There fell as brave a Soul, with Honour fir'd,  
As ever yet by force of War expir'd :  
Then fly to Arms, and, for his sake who dy'd  
Pursue and charge the Foe on every side.

*St. Ruth.* Then loiter not, and sound to Arms with  
Speed,

And for his Sake ten thousand Foes shall bleed,  
Vengeance and War, their Legions shall devour :  
*Athlone* was sweet, but *Augustin* shall be sour.  
But to defeat them, with more ease, I see,  
'Tis best we guard the Pass of *Marthas* :  
Then haste, *O'Neal*, and see the Castle, lin'd  
With Musqueteers, as we before design'd :  
Draw up your Troops, in order to sustain  
The *Briton's* Fire, and the Ground maintain.  
You know, my Heroes, I have oft imbru'd  
These Hands in Blood, and Heresy subdu'd,  
So, on this Day, *Rome's* Banners shall be spread,  
To send these Locusts reeling to the Dead.  
Our Church shall bles you, and her Saints shall pray,  
That we may gain the Glory of the Day ;  
*Lewis* shall guard you, I myself will wield

This Sword, and sweep those Vermin off the Field.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Drums and Trumpets within.*]

*Enter several Soldiers bearing the Body of Colonel TALBOT on their Shoulders, they lay him bloody on the Stage.*

[*Enter JEMINA,*

*Jem.* Oh! —— is he dead! —— my Soul is all on fire,  
 Witness ye Gods! —— he did with Fame expire;  
 For Liberty —— a Sacrifice was made,  
 And fell like Pompey, by some Villain's Blade.  
 There lies a breathless Corpse, whose Soul ne'er knew  
 A Thought but what was always just and true.  
 Look down from Heaven, ye Gods of Peace and Love  
 Waft him, with Triumph, to the Thrones above;  
 And, oh! ye winged Guardians of the Skies,  
 Tune your sweet Harps, and sing his Obsequies!  
 Good Friends stand off—Whilst I embrace the Ground  
 Whereon he lies—and bathe each mortal Wound,  
 With brinish Tears, that like to Torrents run  
 From these sad Eyes—Oh! Heav'ns! I'm undone,

[*Falls down on the Body.*]

*Enter Sir CHARLES GODFREY. He raises her.*

*Sir Char.* Why do these precious Eyes, like Fountains flow,  
 To drown the radiant Heaven that lies below?  
 Dry up your Tears, I trust his Soul, ere this,  
 Has reach'd the Mansions of eternal Bliss:

Soldiers bear hence the Body out of sight.

Jem. Oh stay—ye Murd'ers, cease to kill me quite:

See how he glares!—and see again he flies!

The Clouds fly open, and he mounts the Skies!

Oh see his blood, it shines resplendent bright,

I see him yet—I cannot loose him quite,

But still pursue him on—and loose my sight.

Sir Char. Patience, my Soul, dispel these gushing Tears,

For see your Godfrey by your Side appears.

Jem. 'Tis true thy Sight is, at this fatal Time,

Welcome as Rain upon a Sun-burn'd Climate:

But oh! my Grief I need no more disclose,

You see the mangled Cause of all my Woes.

Sir Char. I saw him plain, that is no Cause at all;

For though he dy'd, he did with Honour fall;

Though like the Sun, when darken'd by a Cloud,

You for a while your beauteous Beams do shroud,

But when the Eclipse is past, and darkness o'er,

You shine much brighter than you did before,

Thou fair Diana!—retire with me this Way,

View there our Army, drawn in pomp Array,

Amidst their Ranks, inspir'd by you, I'll fly,

So underneath thy Banners bravely die:

But should I fall beneath the force of Arms,

Let no proud Victor dare to share your Charms,

Rather first find me welt'ring with the Slain,

Let thy blood too, like Dew enrich the Plain,

To mix with mine in one united Stream.

[Exeunt.

The End of the Second ACT



## ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE changes to the ENGLISH Camp.

Enter Colonel HERBET, and Colonel EARLES, with  
their Swords drawn. Colonel EARLES sings.

MARCH on, brave Boys, make good your ground  
Let all your sprightly Trumpets sound  
To Arms, and we will confound  
- Thoſe Foes to the Revolution.

Great Mars, the Monarch of the Field  
In shining Pomp, with Sword and Shield,  
Shall lead us on, and make them yield  
To the glorious Revolution.

Our rattling Guns, like Pearls of Thunder,  
Shall fill the Foe with Fear and Wonder,  
To keep the Pope and Devil under,  
And support the Revolution.

My Britain's Sons the Battle try,  
To make these tim'rous Bug-bears fly,  
Then let each loyal Subject cry  
Success to the Revolution.

Long live great *William* ! may he reign  
To curb the Pride of *France* and *Spain*,  
And with his conquering Sword maintain

The glorious Revolution.

Thus far our Arms' victoriously proceed,  
By whose great force our Brethren must be freed :  
For see, my *Herbert*, now the day is come  
That *British* Arms shall triumph over *Rome* ;  
Their Priesthood shall against the Gods exclaim,  
For in their Camp Confusion seems to reign.

*Her.* It does, we shall defeat them, and may I  
In the Defence of *England's* Honour die :  
Fir'd with such Glory, let us meet the Tail,  
And cultivate with Blood the thirsty Soil ;  
Maintain our Ground, nor give an Inch away,  
Though ghastly Death stood gaping in our Way.

[*Exeunt.*

*A Table and Chairs are set, Flourish of Trumpets within.*

*Enter, at several Doors, General GINKLE, RUVIGNY,  
TALMASH, MACKAY, and Colonel HERBERT.*

*Her.* Defend great *Ginkle*, oh ye Gods ! and may  
His mighty Sword redeem our Laws to-day.

*Gin.* Hail, mighty *Britons* ! we appeal to you,  
Whether or no, we must the Fight pursue ;  
I hold it best for to encamp to-night,  
And so fall on them by the Morning Light ;  
But let us sit down here, and first debate  
Of proper Means to poise the Scale of Fate.

[*They all sit down.*

Now I present, great Heroes, to your View  
The Plan of *Aughrim*, which my Gunner drew,

[*Shows a Map.*

That to a Hair their Posture does describe,  
 And shews their Camp as it is fortify'd ;  
 Here, my brave Soldiers, you may plainly see  
 [Pointing to the Map.  
 Their Right extended all to Urarchree,  
 Their Left and Centre do two Miles contain,  
 Extending o'er the wild surrounding Plain.  
 Europe can't shew a Spot thus fortify'd,  
 With Rivers, Hills, and Bogs on every Side :  
 Then speak, my Lords, pronounce your Thoughts on  
 Sight.

Shall we decline it, or renew the Fight ;  
*Her.* My Lords, my Voice was ever to pursue,  
 And with our utmost Force the Fight renew ;  
 Hazard was still the Glory of the Great ;  
 Then let us Fight, so shall we extirpate  
 Those purple Slaves, who would our Faith devour  
 With bloody Zeal, and cruel priestly Power,  
 Subvert our Laws, and make a Nation bleed  
 Then think they merit Heaven for the Deed ;  
 Let thoughts like these your noble M<sup>ds</sup> enflame,  
 To add fresh Laurels to great *William's* Name :  
 Feed your Brethren, and with Fame subdue  
*Rome's* wooden Idols, and their monkish Crew,  
 Those vile Oppressors of our sacred Laws ;  
 Then side with me, and Heav'n will join our Cause.

*Rew.* There now, brave *Herbert*, you have touch'd it  
 right ;

But yet consider the Powers we have to fight ;  
 For, by the Accounts which we have lately seen,  
 They're five and twenty Thousand, we eighteen ;  
 A desperate Odds, my Friends, beside the Ground  
 With Forts and Breastworks is beleagur'd round,  
 A Bog secures their Van, a Rivulet behind,  
 Beside the Advantage of the Sun and Wind.  
 Weigh all this well, then will you surely see,

If we engage, we fight 'em one to three,

*Gin.* Send for our Tents, then will we lie all Night  
Encamp'd along the Valley in their Sight,  
That when the sable Night shall pass away,  
And Sol's fair Chariot usher in the Day,  
When the faint wan'g Moon shall be o'er run,  
Then we'll attack them by the Morning Sun,  
So Heaven, great Heaven shall be divinely kind,  
'To drive our Foes like Chaff before the Wind.

*Enter Colonel EARLES.*

*Earles.* My Lord, this Moment, as I firmly stood  
Lodg'd on my Post, near the adjoining Wood,  
A Herald from the *Irish* Camp is come  
With some Demands, his Name is *Dorrington*.

*Gin.* Conduct him here—what can his Message be?  
Will they draw off, and leave the Country free?  
It may be so—but see the Embassage comes! [Exit Earles.]

*Re-enter Colonel EARLES with DORRINGTON.*

*Dor.* St. Ruth, whose Days be many, greeting sends  
To General *Ginkle*, and his potent Friends.

*Gin.* His Name we honour, but your Message speak.  
*Dor.* St. Ruth, by me these just Demands doth  
make;

That first you would your Heresies forsake,  
The Prince of *Orange* and his Claim disown,  
And fix your lawful Monarch on his Throne:  
Disband your Legions, and with Speed become  
Submissive Liege-men to the See of *Rome*.  
My Lord, when this is done, the Slaughter ends,  
Then shall brave *Ginkle* and St. Ruth be Friends.

Which if you do, my Lord, you will do well.

Gin. I hate his Friendship as the Flames of Hell.  
 Tell him from me his Friendship I defy,  
 My Troops are brave, and on them I rely :  
 Nor *Spartan Cleomenes* could do no more,  
 Nor *Macaddomans* in the Days of yore.  
 My British Soldiers, led by brave Commanders,  
 In Glory shall eclipse your *Alexanders*.  
 Then haste, and let your haughty *Monsieur* know,  
 By me he meets a total Overthrow.  
 This Day *Hibernia's Fortune* shall be try'd,  
 Whilst War and Bloodshed shall the Cause decide.  
 Then shall my *English* handful surely free  
 This famous Isle from *Romanish Tyranny*.

Dor. My Lord, consider—and be sincerely wise,  
 My master's proffer'd Friendship don't despise,  
 Lest you should be forc'd too soon to bend to Fate,  
 And curse your Rashness when it is too late.

Gin. Leave that, thou proud *Hibernian*, if you dare,  
 To the Decision of a desperate War :  
 Tell him from me once more—that on the Plain,  
*NASSAU's* undoubted Right we will maintain :  
 To-day great *WILLIAM's* Arms shall meet Renown,  
 Whilst circling Laurels shall adorn his Crown.

Dor. My Lord, I take my Leave, but yet ere Night,  
 You'll curse your Rashness, and decline the Fight.

[Exit Dorrington.]  
 Her. There spoke a *Tamerlane*—but rise, my  
 Lords,  
 Renew the Fight, and with your well try'd Swords,  
 Attack the Foe, and don't defer the Fight,  
 Lest they march off unpunish'd in the Night.  
 Gods!—Shall true *Britons* tamely hold their Hands,  
 To sit like Slaves, and hear such bold Demands?  
 It cannot be—dispel the causeless Fears.

Strive to retrieve the Fame of former Years ;  
Think how our *Henry* taught proud *France* to yield,  
At *Agincourt*, and bravely won the Field ;  
Then shall not we his glorious Deeds pursue,  
And, Sword in Hand th' insulting Foe subdue.

*Mackny.* As *Herbert* says,—So let us straight proceed,  
By force of War to make whole Thousands bleed.

Loiter no longer, but on St. Ruth's Right,  
Let our brave Soldiers with a dreadful Flight,  
Of leaden Balls, begin the mortal fight.  
Which if they do, my Lords, the *Irish* then,  
From *Aughrim* Castle, will detach their Men.  
So when that Way shall be of Guards bereft,  
Our Right may pass and so attack their Left.

*Gin.* Agreed, brave *English*, let our Cannons play,  
Whose Smoke aspiring shall o'er-cast the Day ;  
There let our useless Staffs of Honour lie,

*They throw down their Truncheons.*  
For on our Swords the Battle does rely. [They all draw.  
Each to his post, and see that it be fought  
With matchless Courage, as by *Britons* ought,  
On every Side our *George's* Cross display,  
And die each Man, or else redeem the Day.  
Protect us Heaven, in thee alone we trust,  
Prosper our Arms, as this our Cause is just,  
Plant thy true Word once more in this poor Isle,  
Shield it from them who would thy Faith defile.  
Now, my brave Friends, let us the Combat try,  
No task is left us now, but how to die.  
Then let us fall with Glory ere we yield,  
Or with a Sea of Blood deluge the Field.

*Exeunt severally.*

*Trumpets sound a Charge within* Enter *LUCINDA*,

*Lucinda.* O stay, my *Herbert*, I conjure you stay.

*Re-enter HERBERT.*

*Herb.* What would my ever fair *Lucinda* say?  
*Lucinda.* Oh, don't engage To-day, I thee desire,  
 Last Night methought I saw you wrap'd in Fire,  
 All clad in Flames, whilst Angels did surround  
 Your lovely Form, and bore thee off the Ground,  
 Then I beheld thee as a Cherib rise,  
 And soar aloft to the celestial Skies.

*Herb.* What means my Soul——what signifies thy Dream,

It but portends I shall be crown'd with Fame.  
 Hark——now the glorious Battle is begun,  
 And thund'ring Cannon do eclipse the Sun,  
 The Trumpet's Blast commands me to the Fight,  
 Adieu my fairest Orb, my Soul's Delight,  
 I must not be by Woman's Council stay'd,  
 For Love and Honour both must be obey'd.

*Lucinda.* Be not too rash, my *Herbert*, but allay  
 My growing Fears, and do not fight to-day :  
 Had *Cæsar* listen'd to *Calpurnia*'s Dream,  
 At *Pompey*'s Statute he had ne'er been slain.  
 The Mariner he ploughs the foaming Seas,  
 And from his Barque the pleasant Land surveys :  
 He leaps with Joy, and to his Comfort sees  
 The pregnant Banks all overspread with Trees ;  
 Then as he strives to enter with the Tide,  
 A Rock unseen, his Vessel does divide :  
 So ere he can the happy Port attain,  
 He's swallow'd with his Cargo in the Main.

*Herb.* Chear up, my Soul, no Danger I can fear,  
 Our Pilot from the Rocks will keep us clear.  
 You see the Flowers, like to Babes just born,  
 Dart from their Blossoms in the welcome Morn ;  
 But when the joyful Day is spent and done,  
 They close their Pride, and mourn the absent Sun,

'Then cease your Fears, no longer can I stay,  
My Country calls, and Honour must obey.

Lucin. Then will you go, my dearest Soul? Oh,  
how

Are those Joys fled, that flatter'd the bat now;  
Where are the pleasant Joys, and fond Delight,  
That with sweet Raptures crown'd my Bridal Night;  
Where are those Ecstasies of Love and Charms?  
When Heaven itself I thought was in your Arms?  
Oh, are they vanish'd now, and will you fly  
To meet your Fate, and without pity die?  
Which if you do, this true Amazon's Hand  
Shall pierce my Heart, and all my Woes disbind.

Herb. Speak not of Death, but rather view yon  
Hill,

From whose fair Side, sweet Water doth distil,  
It's pleasant verdant Brow doth so invite,  
That you would sit down there, and view the Fight;  
Banish your Fears, my Love, and come away,  
And from that Graft you may with ease survey,  
How Britain's Genius shall with Glory rise,  
To reach with joyful Pomp the applauding Skies.

Drums within. Enter the Generals GINKLE,  
MACKAY, and Col. HERBERT, their Swords  
drawn.

Ginkle. 'Tis now past five, and we have just begun  
To jo'n the Battle by a Signal Gun;  
No slackness can be found on either Side,  
For through the Air Death does in Triumph ride:  
Our Men with Intrepidity advance,  
Midst showers of Balls contemn the rage of France,  
Our left have pass'd the Bog, and now aspire,  
To gain more Ground in spite of all their fire.

*Mackay.* But here, my Lord, I have observ'd, in  
spite

Of all their Force, our Left subdues their Right,  
For I survey how they their Loss supply,  
And fill the Ground where several hundreds lie,  
With an undaunted Bravery the Charge they stand,  
And from their Right both Horse and Foot command,  
Now should we hold on this Advantage lay,  
And march our Foot across the narrow way,  
There post themselves, in order to oppose  
The main Battalion of the sinking Foes.

*Ginkle.* Be that committed to brave *Herbert's* care,  
The martial Orb of *Britain's* Hemisphere,  
With these Battalions let your Fane be shewn,  
With *Creighton's*, *Earl's*, *Brewer's* and your own,  
Attempt the Bog, and see your Ground maintain'd  
Till with fresh Forces, you shall be sustain'd.

*Herbert.* My Lord, no further Glory do I ask,  
But meet with Pleasure so renown'd a Task,  
The great Command with ecstasy embrace,  
Though Death and Ruin stare me in the Face.

[Exit.]

*Ginkle.* Here we embrace, my Friend, as heretofore.

[Embracing.]

Brethren have parted, never to meet more:  
Or as two Friends who with Remorse survey  
Their Vessel sever'd on the raging Sea,  
Each get a Plank, and his Companions leaves  
To the wild Mercy of the raging Waves:  
As long as possible his Friends he views,  
Each sore'd, at last, a different Fate pursue;  
One sinks, while 't other gains the shore at last  
There returns his Fellow's Loss, and grieves for what  
is past.

[Exeunt.]

Trumpets within.

The End of the Third A C T.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE The Plain of Aughrim between both Armies at Six in the Evening.

Trumpets within.

Enter St. RUTH and SARTFIELD their Swords drawn.

St. RUTH.

FORTUNE seems doubtful yet, now won't decide  
The Victory, but favours either Side;  
Strict to the Charge our Soldiers stand their Ground,  
Whilst Mars in Pomp, surveys the Battle round,  
Rules all the Field like an impartial God,  
To scourge those Britons with his martial Rod.

Sart. View how the Foe, like an impetuous Flood,  
Break through the Smoke, the Water, and the Mud;  
They'll surely pass the Bog, and then contemn  
The puissant power of you, and all your Men;  
Nor all the great Habiliments of War,  
Nor Walls of Brass, their Passage can deter.  
Or should you Legions of their Numbers kill,  
Leave but a few alive, they'd rally still.

St. Ruth. By Heavens! they're brave, 'tis pity they  
thou'd be  
Expo'd to Hazard, Death, and Massacre;  
Heroes they are, my Lord; and as I live  
Were they not Heretics, I would Forgive.

But yet our holy Church doth so command,  
 That we must root such Malignants off the Land.  
 Oh, let us then our Soldiers animate  
 To be courageous and our Foes defeat.

Enter General DORRINGTON with his Sarcophagus.

Don. Aughrim is ours, brave General Holster's dead,  
 Who even now Lord Portland's Horse did head,  
 He that ere now triumphant rideth the Plain  
 On a proud Steed, that did the Bit disdain,  
 Drove all before him, till a lucky Ball,  
 Shot with good Aim from off the Castle Wall,  
 Clove ope his skull, and with the mortal wound,  
 I saw him fall all bloody on the ground.

St. Ruth. Thanks to the Gods—and all the sacred  
 Powers.

Heaven now is just—and Aughrim shall be ours;  
 Now Conquest chirups in the liquid Air,  
 They fly,—pursue and charge them in the Rear.

The SCENE opens, and several Soldiers enter, as  
 running away, with them Col. EARLES.

Earles. Oh—stand, and bravely perish ere you fly;  
 For at the worst, brave Souls, we can but die,  
 Then bravely stand your Ground, and scorn to flinch;  
 But if they conquer, sell them every Inch.

Enter General TREDWASH, his Guard drawn.

Tul. Stand, Cowards, stand—and yet redeem the  
 day: No hopes are left you, if you run away;  
 Oh—stand your ground—for shame maintain the field,

Must Britain's glorious son — a Conquest yield :  
If so alone—I will the Battle try,  
And in defence of England's honour die.

Earles. Bravely reliev'd, and succour'd just in time,  
When Britain's Cau'se was ready to decline,  
Herbert is taken Pris'ner, and convey'd  
Bick by the Foe, — — — in spite of all our Aid :  
Twice we retook the Hero, but, at length,  
They bore him from us with their utmost Strength,  
We being sever'd, Herbert, in the t'rong,  
Wav'd his great Arm as he shot along ;  
And Oh ! he said, brave Friend, be noble still,  
And in so just a Causē whole Legions kill.

Tal. Is he then lost ? oh ! my renowned Friends,  
Rally again, and here their Conquest ends ;  
Renew the Charge, then will you surely see,  
We'll gain the glory if you follow me :  
I'll lead you on, and yet redeem the day,  
Though troops of Demons stood to thwart my way.

[Excuse.

Soldiers Shouting. Enter GINKLE, MACKAY, and  
RUVIGNY.

Ginkle. Routed ! — Confusion ! — See our Centre  
runs,  
Driv'n by the Foe just even with our Guns,  
Which render'd useless at the worst of times,  
I fear the Battle with the Day declines.  
Never till now, cou'd I i'shmen maintain  
A fight so bloody — on a well sought Plain ;  
But let us yet advance, then will you find,  
They'll fly like atoms sever'd with the wind :  
So in the East, at the approach of day,  
The Sun dispels the sable Clouds away.

Mackay. Yonder, my Lord, amidst the throng appears

A gallant Youth, but tender yet in Years,  
His Heroic actions shine amidst the fight,  
For in their Host no Hero scenes so bright,  
I mark'd him well, in all his martial Pride,  
Whilst by his conquering sword, our soldiers dy'd  
Curse on the Ripling—may I never fall,  
Till with this Sword I made him pay for all.

Ruwig. My Lord, I hold it best that now on fight,  
You detach brave Sir John Lanier from the Right,  
And with Precipitation in the Left,  
Assist our Foot, of succour now bereft;  
Shall we retreat, and with Confusion run  
From all the mighty Conquests we have won?  
Avert the thought—and let it ne'er be said,  
That from so great an enterprize we fled;  
To sell our holy Faith, and this poor Isle,  
To those vile Sives, who wou'd the Land defile.  
Forbid it heav'n!—shall Britons tamely yield  
Their Necks to bondage—and desert the field.  
No.—Rather first let us study to be brave,  
And fall with Honour, since we cannot save.

Enter Colonel EARLES.

Earles. For ever hail to the au'picious Day,  
Now Fate is kind, the haugt' ty Foe gives way;  
Our Foot has rally'd, and the shock maintain'd;  
And bravely has their former ground regain'd;  
Fire answers Fire, and Jupiter may now  
Decline his thunder, and this once allow,  
In vain his Lightning issues from the sky;  
For Death more sure from British Engines fly.  
Their Messages of Death much Blood have spilt'd,  
And full three hundred of the Irish kill'd.

*Ginkle.* Then loiter not, my Lords, but at the head  
Of our new scatter'd troops, who lately fled,  
Renew the Charge, and range the Battle round,  
Attack them close ; and since they once give ground,  
We'll ply them home — nor give an inch away,  
Then shall we gain the Conquest of the Day.

[Exeunt.]

*Kettle Drums and Trumpets.* Enter DORRINGTON,  
ONEAL, and several Soldiers ~~hauling in Col.~~  
~~HERBERT as a Prisoner who seems to make Re-~~  
~~sistance.~~

*Dorrington.* Yield, Colonel, yield, nor from our  
Friendship fly,  
Since now no hopes of succour can be nigh,  
Submit yourself, for shame — nor thus upbraid,  
You are my Vassal, since a Pris'ner made.

*Herb.* Forbear t'insult, thou proud *Hibernian Wasp*,  
I thought to have met you with a warmer Grasp,  
When all the War rank'd in its dread array,  
Stood the blind fortune of this doubtful day ;  
When bloody Colours waver'd in their Pride,  
And each proud Hero did his steed bestride,  
When the loud trumpets, with their shrill alarms,  
Made Woods resound, and summon'd all to arms,  
When Soldiers marshall'd, did their signal wait,  
And stood in Order to attend their Fate.  
'Twas then I mark'd that bloody Plume afar,  
Hearing before your mighty Deeds in war,  
I, for a while — your person could discern,  
And wish'd to meet you singly, arm to arm :  
But now I see that war's uncertain scale,  
O'er weigh'd by force, has made your sword prevail.  
Yet know, proud Victor, though a Captive ta'en,  
My Liberty my brethren shall regain.

Enter ST. RUTH.

St. Ruth. Fly to your Posts, be now, or never brave,  
Nor waste your Glory with a captive slave;  
Our Camp is almost now beleagur'd round;  
Though twice repuls'd, the haughty Foe gains ground  
But yet be brave, defeat them once again,  
They'll yield the battle, and desert the Plain.

Herb. 'Tis false as Hell, your Efforts they'll deter  
To dastard thought can rule a British Breast;  
My gallant Countrymen disdain to fly,  
They'd fall with Honour first and chose to die.

St. Ruth. Bear hence that captive scullum from my  
fight.

Lodge him secure, and then pursue the Fight:  
This is no time to lose, when in their Pride,  
The Enemy appears on every side.

[Exeunt Dorrington, O'Neal, and Herbert.

ST. RUTH Sings.

St. Ruth. Bode well my Heart, this Pris'ner shall  
not live,  
One Minute's respite more I will not give;  
His friends come on, and, at the last, I fear,  
He may be rescu'd from us, and get clear;  
Then would he drown whole squadrons in their Gore  
And be more desperate than he was before;  
I'll hinder that, by Heaven he surely dies,  
And to my fury falls a sacrifice.

[Exit with Kettle drums and Trumpets.

The SCENE opens, and discovers Col. HERBERT  
lying bleeding, he crawls forward to the middle of  
the stage.

Herb. Wounded to death, but yet my Heart won't  
break, though broken yet still I stand O  
Though I retain scarce Power enough to speak ; O  
My Butchers are returned to the fight, O  
Yet had not Mercy left to kill me quite O  
Almighty Heaven! Victorious William bless,  
And ever crown his Armies with success ; O  
May Laurels ever green adorn his Crown,  
And may his Arms throw Papish Altars down ; O  
Long may he reign to shield this famous Land  
From Monkish Powers, with a righteous Hand ;  
And when he dies, let glorious Denmark come,  
With his great Ann, to guard the British Throne,  
Grant thi ye Gods! and oh ye Powers divine!  
Protect the Illustrious Hanoverian Line ;  
May that great Race of Heroes rule the Throne,  
Be fam'd in War, and conquer Worlds unknown :  
Hear this, O Lord of Mercy, I beseech i  
Fain would I more—But Death just stops my Speech.  
Forgive my murderers as I freely do,  
Even from my soul—To wretched World adieu.

Enter Sir CHARLES GODFREY, his Sword drawn,  
and speaking to some within.

Sir Char. Bally again, nor timorous stand,  
Aw'd thus through fear, but charge them sword in hand,  
Follow them briskly through the nether strain,  
There ply them close,—but ah!—what can this mean?

Here's murder sure committed! nothing less,  
He seems a noble Briton by his Dress,  
A stately Person deck'd with modest air,

And on his finger does a signet bear! *views his ring.*  
 O heaven! the sight my conscious soul alarms!  
 The Ring betrays the brave Lord Pembroke's Arms!  
 This is my Brother *Herbert*, now I know;  
 Damnation be his doom who gave the blow.  
 Oh my brave *Herbert*, there he murder'd lies,  
 Grim Death and Treason clos'd the Hero's Eye;  
 But I'll take Vengeance for his Wrongs To-day,  
 And Blood for Blood the Traitors shall repay,

*As he offers to go off, he is met by a Ghost, who approaches him three several times, each time he falls back, then speaks.*

What art thou? Speak! a Fury, Devil, or Ghost?  
 Nay, be the second, then I need you most.  
 Or have you left a bright celestial Throne  
 To take just Vengeance—Vengeance not your own,  
 Or are you from the th' infernal Abyss fled,  
 To search for Vengeance on a murd'rot's Head?  
 Stand not amaz'd—See, there brave *Herbert* lies,  
 Murder'd and slaughter'd—Oh! I will sacrifice  
 A thousand *Rouish* souls, who shock'd with Woe,  
 Shall, bound in shackles, fill the shades below.

*Ghost.* Be not so rash, wild Youth, forbear, forbear,  
 You judge me wrong,—for when I breath'd the air,  
 Here on this Earth, I was your Father then,  
 But I was butcher'd by the worst of Men;  
 They butcher'd me, then hid me under Ground,  
 And to convince your Eyes, behold this ghastly wound.

*Shows his Breast.*

Sir *Char.* O heavens! my Father!—behold thus low  
 I bend my Body, and my Duty view.

*Ghoſt.* Stand off, and touch me not, for fear that I  
Vanish away, and from your Presence fly; But mark my words, the whistling winds did sing,  
How prompt'd by Love, you fought against your  
King, And how you would your Country extirpate;  
I hover'd down to let you know your fate,  
*Sir Char.* Could such vain trifling thoughts as these  
entice A Ghost for to abandon Paradise?  
Answer me this, if it be no Offence,  
When thou'rt at Rest, where is this Residence  
For mortal Men on Earth are prone to say,  
Or were Ghosts in Heaven, in Heaven they there would  
Or if in Hell, they could not get away.

*Ghost.* Where Visions rest, or Souls imprison'd dwell,  
By Heaven's Command we are forbid to tell; but now  
But in the obscure Grave where Corps decay,  
Moulder in Dust and putrify away,  
No rest is there, for the immortal Soul  
Takes its full Flight, and flutters round the Pole.  
Sometimes I hover o'er the *Euxine* sea,  
From Pole to Sphere, until the Judgment Day,  
Over the *Thracian Bosphorus* do I float.  
And pass the *Stygian Lake* in *Charon's* Boat,  
O'er *Vulcan's* fiery Court, and sulph'rous Cave,  
And ride like *Neptune*, on a briny Wave,  
List to the bellowing Noise of *Aetna's* Flames,  
And court the Shades of the *Amazonian Dunes*,  
Then take my Flight up to the gleamy Moon,  
Thus do I wander till the Day of Doom:  
Proceed I dare not, or I would unfold  
A horrid tale, should make your Blood run cold,  
Chill all your Nerves and Sinews in a trice.  
Like whisp'ring rivulets congeal'd to Ice.

Sir *Char.* Ere you depart me *Ghost*, I here demand,  
 You'd let me know your last divine Command.  
*Ghost.* Then mark—My wand'ring Shadowy destiture of Breath,  
 Is now compel'd to tread this orb'd Earth.  
 And hover down, this good advice to bring,  
 That you would aid your pious lawful King.  
 Join not those vile licentious Rebels Caus'd,  
 Who slew thy Father in contempt of Laws;  
 But mind me well, the Gods do so devise,  
 That in the Fight you fall a Sacrifice:  
 Then join the British Host, and scorn, for shame,  
 To throw so vile an Action on your Name;  
 Rouse up your native Honour to your Aid,  
 In *William's* right employ your trusty Blade,  
 Shew your Achievements and the Fo'e deily,  
 Then fall with Honour, since you're doom'd to die;  
 I'll hover o'er the Field till join'd by you,  
 'Till then, my Son, farewell—adieu—adieu.

*Vanishes.*

*Enter Sir CHARLES solus.*

Sir *Char.* Gone, and forsook me! thus what can I  
 do,  
 Love bids me stay, and glory cries pursue,  
 Which must I follow, here I cannot stay,  
 The sacred Vision said I must obey  
 Its strict Command:—then, by this British Hand,  
 I'll never more decline my native Land,  
 But join my Countrymen, and yet proclaim  
 NASSAU's great title on the crimson Plain.

*Enter SARSFIELD and DORRINGTON, their Swords drawn.*

Sars. Haste noble Knight, till we the charge sustain  
Full fifteen Hundred of our Foot are slain ;  
The *British* Fire balls soone few Tents have burn'd,  
And oae large Batt'ry on our selves are tur'd,  
Now, gallant Youth, or never, try your force.

Sir Char. By Heavens ! I'll not stir, was it ten times worse !

Long let them prosper, nor retire from hence  
Till you atone for murder'd Innocence.

Sars. As Heaven is Witness, or the conscious sun,  
I knew not of it, till the fact was done ;  
I never could with such an Act comply  
As wilful Murder.

Dor. By the Gods, nor I.

*Enter St. RUTH.*

St. Ruth. Courage, my thrice renowned Friends,  
for now

Shall Laurels bind each conquering Victor's Brow  
Once more the *English* Infantry retreats ;  
Pursue, we'll drive them back to *Dublin* Gates.  
Fall on my Friends, a furious Havock make,  
Hew down whole Cohorts, but their Ginkle take ;  
Then as a Terror to the following Age,  
Like *Bajazet*, I'll bind him in a Cage.

*Exeunt.*

*The End of the Fourth A C T.*



## A C. T. V. SCENE I.

SCENE. *The Hill of Killcommonon.*

Enter SARSFIELD and O'NEAL, their Swords drawn.

S A R S F I E L D.

AUGHRIM is now no more, *St. Ruth* is dead,  
 And all his Guards are from the Battle fled;  
 As he rode down the Hill he met his fall,  
 And dy'd a Victim to a Cannon Ball:  
 With him our Lives and Fortunes all decay,  
 For now the unthinking Cowards fall away.

O'Neal. Hope now is vain, no succour can be found,  
 And Death displays his sable Flag around;  
 But yet forbear too soon to yield to Fate,  
 Nor sell our Lives at an ignoble Rate;  
 Here let us stand and here attend our Falls,  
 As once *Rome's* Senate waited for the *Gauls*.

Sars. O my O'Neal, thou Partner of my Breast,  
 Thus share my Love [Embraces] for now my Heart's  
 at Rest;  
 Death now is welcome, since I have a Friend,  
 And one like you, on whom I may depend:

The cheerful Pelicans with Vigour stood  
To pierce their breasts, and feed their young with  
blood,  
So shall this Sword unslice each azure Vein,  
To let forth Blood to feed the tragic Plain.

*O'Neal.* Oh! name not that, my Lord, withstand  
their Pow'rs,  
To sell this spot, which only now is ours;  
Who falls with Glory, Annals do allow,  
Shares equal Laurels with the Victor's Brow.

*Enter DORRINGTON his Sword Drawn.*

*Dor.* Haste, noble Friends, and save your Lives  
by Flight,  
For its but Madness if you stand the Fight;  
Our Cavalry the Battle have forsook,  
And Death appears in each dejected Look,  
Nothing but dread Confusion can be seen,  
For sever'd Heads and Trunks o'er spread the Green,  
The Fields, the Vales, the Hills, and vanquish'd Plain,  
For five Miles round, are cover'd with the slain;  
Death in each Quarter does the Eye alarm,  
Here lies a Leg, and there a shatter'd Arm,  
There Heads appear which clove by mighty Bangs,  
and sever'd quite, on either Shoulder hangs.  
This is the awful Scene, my Lords, O! fly  
The impending Danger for your Fate is nigh.

*Sars.* O! spare the tale, my Friend, nor let me hear  
A sound so harsh, ill-sounding to my Ear;  
Shall I start back at Death, and then with shame  
Be ever Branded with a Coward's Name!  
Blast all my Conquests through a dainn'd Disgrace,  
Nor dare to look a Soldier in the Face,  
Then beg for Charity and seek Relief,  
Like *Hannibal* the *Carthaginian* Chief,

Who when by *Scipio* he was overthrown,  
 He fled to *Afric* like a vagabond,  
 Cloth'd as a slave, dejected and obscure,  
 He wander'd all alone from Door to Door;  
 Then shall an *Irish* soul subuit like him,  
 To forfeit Honour, and renounce a King?  
 No—here will I stand, and meriting Applause,  
 Die all alone if none will join my Cause.

*Dor.* My Lord, forbear, let not a Thought so vain  
 Within a brave *Hibernian's* Bosom reign,  
 Your Life will not for Liberty atone,  
*Limerick* and *Galway* are as yet our own;  
 Then waste not time, but now to *Limerick* fly,  
 From whose great Walls we may the Foe defy;  
 Here Hope is lost, for now upon my Truth,  
 Sir *Charles Godfrey*, that young trait'rous Youth,  
 Has taken Part with the prevailing Crew,  
 And to Destruction does our Host pursue.

*O'Neal.* Curse on his Soul, Oh! may I ne'er depart  
 Till with this Sword I reach the Traitor's Heart.

Enter some Soldiers bearing ST. RUTH bloody on his  
 Shoulders, they lay him on the Stage, and throw a  
 Cloak over the Body.

*Sars.* There let him lie, like *Pompey* in his Gore,  
 Whose Hero's Blood enrich'd the *Egyptian* shore;  
 There lies the Man, whose Deeds shall ever shine  
 In *Flanders*, *France*, and all along the *Rhine*;  
 But here, through Rashness, he eclips'd 'em all,  
 And by his Folly wrought *Hibernia's* Fall.  
 O Heav'ns! can Nature bear the shocking Sound  
 Of Death or slavery, on our native Ground?  
 Why was I nurtur'd of a noble Race,  
 And taught to stare Destruction in the Face?  
 Why was I not laid out a useless Shrub,  
 And form'd for some poor hungry Peasant's Cub.

To hedge and Plow, and with unwearied Toil,  
To cultivate, for Grain, a fertile soil,  
To watch my Flocks, and range the Pastures through,  
With all my Locks wet with the Morning Dew,  
Rather than being great, give up my Fame,  
And loose the Ground I never can regain?

Dor. Forbear, victorious Sir, and leave the Field,  
The Earth's best Generals have been forc'd to yield ;  
Victorious *Darius* was put to flight,  
And *Paulus* fell at *Cannæ*'s bloody Fight ;  
Great *Scipio* was by *Hannibal* defated,  
And *Regulus* from *Carthage* Walls retreated.  
The great *Goliab* was by a Shepherd slain,  
And *Gallic Philip* gave up *Cressy* Plain.  
These, mighty Sir, were Heroes in their Time,  
That did in hostile Feats of Arms shine ;  
Then, cease my Lord — to *Limerick* fly with speed,  
Nor waste a Life of which we stand in need,  
But serve your Country yet, and, void of Fear,  
At *Limerick* Gates we'll stop their swift Career.

Sars. Now, stand, my Friends, and extirpate your  
fears,  
For there the Limit of your Fate appears ;  
But let me first view, with a wishful Eye,  
This once renowned soil from which we fly :  
So *Adam* when he was from *Eden* driven,  
He yet look'd back, to view his promis'd Heaven,  
Then with a Soul all cover'd with Despair,  
He grudg'd that Paradise he could not share.

[A Flourish of Kettle Drums and Trumpets within.]

Enter, with their Swords drawn, the Generals  
*TALMASH*, *MACKAY*, and *Sir CHARLES  
GODFREY*, with Soldiers.

Fal. Take Quarters, Gentlemen, and yield on sight.

Or otherwise prepare to stand the Fight;  
 Yet pray take pity on yourselves and yield,  
 For blood enough has stain'd the fatal Field;  
 'Tis Britain's Glory you yourselves can tell,  
 To use the vanquish'd hospitably well.

Sars. Urge not a Thought, proud Victor, if you dare,

So far beneath the Dignity of War;  
 I am a Peer, and *Sarsfield* is my Name,  
 And where this Sword can reach, I dare maintain  
 Life I contend, and Death I recommend,  
 He breathes not vital Air, who'll make me bend  
 My Neck to Bondage; then proud Foe decline,  
 The length of this [*Shews his Sword.*] because the Spot is mine.

Tal. If you are *Sarsfield*, as you bravely shew  
 You're that brave Hero, whom I long'd to know,  
 And wish'd to thank you on the recking Plain,  
 For that great Fear of blowing up our Train;  
 Then mark, my Lord, for what I here contend,  
 'Tis Britain's holy Church, I now defend,  
 Great *WILLIAM*'s Right, and *MARY*'s Crown  
 these three.

Sars. Why then fall on, *Lewis* and *James* for me.

[*The Irish retreat fighting, and are pursued by the English Party off the Stage.*]

Enter JEMINA veild.

Jem. Where will my Sorrows give me leave to rest;  
 O happy night it be in *Godfrey's* Breast;  
 My conciou Soul should then contemn Alarms,  
 So might I die with Pleasure in his Arms;  
 Yet now to find him whither shall I go?  
 Ye Gods! was ever Maid reduc'd so low'd  
 The You; h, who binds my Heart in Cupid's Chain,  
 Has broke his Vows, or is in Batt'e slain?

But, Turtle like, I'll to the Groves retreat,  
There search each drooping Branch to find my Mate,  
For there, perchance, he has been forc'd to fly  
From certain Fate, and bloody tyranny;  
But now he comes; the mortal sight I view,  
With ghastly Looks, and in a bloody Hue.

*Enter Sir CHARLES leaning on his Sword, and wounded in several Parts of the Body.*

Oh! welcome to my Arms, my Soul's Delight!

[Embrace.]

But Heavens! my Heart bleeds inward at the sight,  
To see the Youth I lov'd, thus bath'd in Gore,  
Curse on my Stars, for Heav'n can do no more.

*Sir Char.* Oh! my *Jemina*; for thou once were so,  
O look not on me, nor one Glance bestow;  
For know, thou fair angelic heav'nly Maid,  
I'm perju'd, damn'd, and have my Love betray'd:  
Then scorn of Mankind let me ever be.  
Nor let bright Heav'n shine on a Wretch like me;  
O! look not down with these resulgent Eyes,  
On a curs'd Slave like me, who ting'ring dies,  
But rather drive me from thy charming Sight,  
And blot me out from your Remembrance quite.

*Jem.* Spare the sad tale, I cannot hear the rest,  
You are not false, for I suppose the best.

*Sir Char.* As Heaven is witness since the truth I  
must,  
No Crocodile was ever more unjust;  
I have betray'd thee, oh! thou killing Fair!  
Why does the Earth so vile a Monster bear?  
Earth yawn asunder, leave the Centre far,  
And swallow me alive in damn'd Despair:  
There, bury'd in oblivion, lie and rot,  
Disdain'd by Heav'n and by Men forgot:  
I'm curs'd—and mark'd by Heaven for wronging  
Innocence,

And Hell itself must punish the Offence ;  
 For bound in shackles am I doom'd to go  
 To the dark Abys of the shades below ;  
 Amidst the fight I did your Cause desert,  
 With Britain's conquering Sons to take a Part,  
 When Heaven, which ever does the Fair defend,  
 In Justice overtook me in the End ;  
 For as the Britons did the Chase pursue ;  
 In the Pursuit, with this, much Blood I drew,  
 Which being view'd by an Hibernian Lord,  
 He rally'd back, and, with a brandish'd Sword,  
 With furious Force, my Person he assail'd,  
 And his strong Genius o'er my Sword prevail'd ;  
 Then, heavenly Fair, your Aid I here implore,  
 To lay me down, and then I'll aik no more.

[He lets fall his Sword, and lies down on the Stage.

My optic Nerves grow dim and loose their sight,  
 And all my Veins are now exhausted quite,  
 Cold Sweats bedew my ghastly looking Face  
 My Life ebbs forth, and Death comes on apace ;  
 I fain would live to make amends for all,  
 But cannot—adieu my Soul—you see your Godfrey  
 fall. Dies.

Jem. There fell as brave a Youth with faine inspir'd  
 As ever yet a Virgin's Bosom fir'd,  
 But sure his Ghost will not be so unkind,  
 To soar to Heaven and leave me here behind,  
 No, it is just, ye Gods, it cannot be,  
 He hovers on the Wing—and waits for me,  
 But shall not long, this ends the mortal strife ;

[Takes up his Sword.]

This puts a period to my worthless Life ;  
 Then after all my Anguish, Grief, and Pain,  
 In Heaven, my Love, we'll surely meet again,

Witness; ye Gods! *Jemina* still was true,  
And see what Love can make a Virgin do,  
Let fair *Hibernia*'s latest Annals tell,  
That by the Force of Love *Jemina* fell;  
This to my Heart, so wretched World farewell.

[*Stabs' herself and dies.*

Enter General GINKLE, Marquis RUVIGNY, with  
Soldiers: and an Officer with Colours, Drums beating.

Ginkle. May all the Gods the auspicious evening  
bless,  
That crowns *Great Britain's* Arms with success,  
There let our Colours rule the vanquish'd Plain,  
As mighty Emblems of *Britannia's* Fame.  
How came this Lady here amongst the Dead?  
Some virtuous Maid, who for her Lover bled.  
Soldiers bear hence these Bodies from this place.

[*They Bear off the Bodies.*  
Haste Officer, to bid the slaughter cease.

[*Exit Officer.*

My brave *Ruvigny* to you I must ascribe  
This glorious Conquest, for, on every file,  
Thy noble Prefence was to animate,  
And bravely poize the scale of *Britain's* fate.

Ruvig. O, spare the speech, my Lord, and do not  
raise  
Your tongue too lavish in your servant's praise,  
For when our Host seein'd ready to despair,  
Some *Enniskillen* Forces join'd our Rear,  
Who as brave Souls the mighty shock sustain'd,  
And vig'rously our former Posts regain'd.

Enter TALMASH and MACKAY, with Soldiers lead-  
ing in DORRINGTON and O'NEAL, as Prisoners.

Gink Speak, gallant Soldier, is the Country clear,

Have we no foes, nor Ambuscades to fear?

Tal. Not one, my Lord, save what are prisoners ta'en,

No Irishman does near our Camp remain,  
To a large Bog their Foot have took their Way,  
And all their Horse are fled towards Longbrea:  
These men, my Lord, as from the Chace we came,  
We found them weltring with the slain.

Gink. Hail mighty Dorrington, thus low we bow,  
[bowing.

Shall we disown the Prince of Orange now?  
Must we disband our Legions, and restore,  
Your abdicated King to rule once more?  
It could not be. I did the Act disown,  
For mighty William yet enjoys the Throne.

Dor. Forbear, my Lord, nor thus insult me so,  
Is this right Usage for a captive foe?  
Had but St. Ruth surviv'd the tragic fight,  
To Dublin Gates you would have taken flight,  
For know, proud Conqueror, by your Lordship's leave,

Our Soldiers were superior, and as brave.

Gink. Reply no more, here see the Prisoners sent,  
With a strong guard of Soldiers to my tent,  
Let them be kept asunder till we learn  
How we their marshal'd troops may yet disarm.

[Exeunt Soldiers with Dorrington and O'Neal.

For by examining it may be found  
How in the Morning we may the Bog surround.

Tal. There's none remains entire, for the Night  
Debarr'd each soldier from his fellow's sight,  
And that they might be light to run more fast,  
Their Belts and Arms, and all away they cast:  
Four hundred soldiers we have Prisoners got,  
And seven thousand lyeth on the spot  
Their Tents and Baggage, as our soldiers spoil.

Shall be free Plunder to reward their Toil;  
This have we gain'd, by Heav'n's 'tis really true,  
With all their Cannon, Arms, and Colours too.

*Mack.* To let this Victory be more signal seen,  
Send all their Colours to the *British* Queen.  
As lasting Emblems of their total fall,  
To grace in mighty Pomp *Westminster-Hall*.

*Gink.* It shall be done, but till the Morning Light  
Let our fierce Soldiers guard the field all Night:  
Let our small Arms, and our thundering Cannon,  
Proclaim our Conquest to the vanquish'd *Shannon*;  
Let *Rome* in silence and affliction weep,  
And let our shouts proclaim it to the Deep.

*Tal.* My Lord, the Muster-master's List does tell  
How many *English* in the Battle fell,  
A small Account considering what we gain,  
Seven Hundred wounded, and as many slain.

*Gink.* O wond'rous God! who can the Battle guide,  
And give a Conquest to the weaker side,  
Sure thy tremendous Hand the Battle fought,  
When *England's* daring Foes were brought to nought.  
Now, my brave Friends, here to refresh we'll stay,  
Then next to *Galway* bravely post our way,  
There on its Walls our *British* flag display;  
From thence to *Limerick* with our Forces hasten,  
And in our March lay forts and castles waste,  
With fury make the Gates of *Limerick* quake  
With our dread Cannon make its Basis shake,  
Convert the Garrison to *England's* Use;  
And by one mighty Storm the Land reduce.  
Now speed ye Cherubs thro' the liquid Air,  
To mighty *William's* Court the Tidings bear:  
Great Heaven once more our conquering Army bless,  
Let *Britain's* Army ever meet success,  
O'er thy poor Land thy lasting truth convey,  
And guard this Isle we have redeem'd To-day.

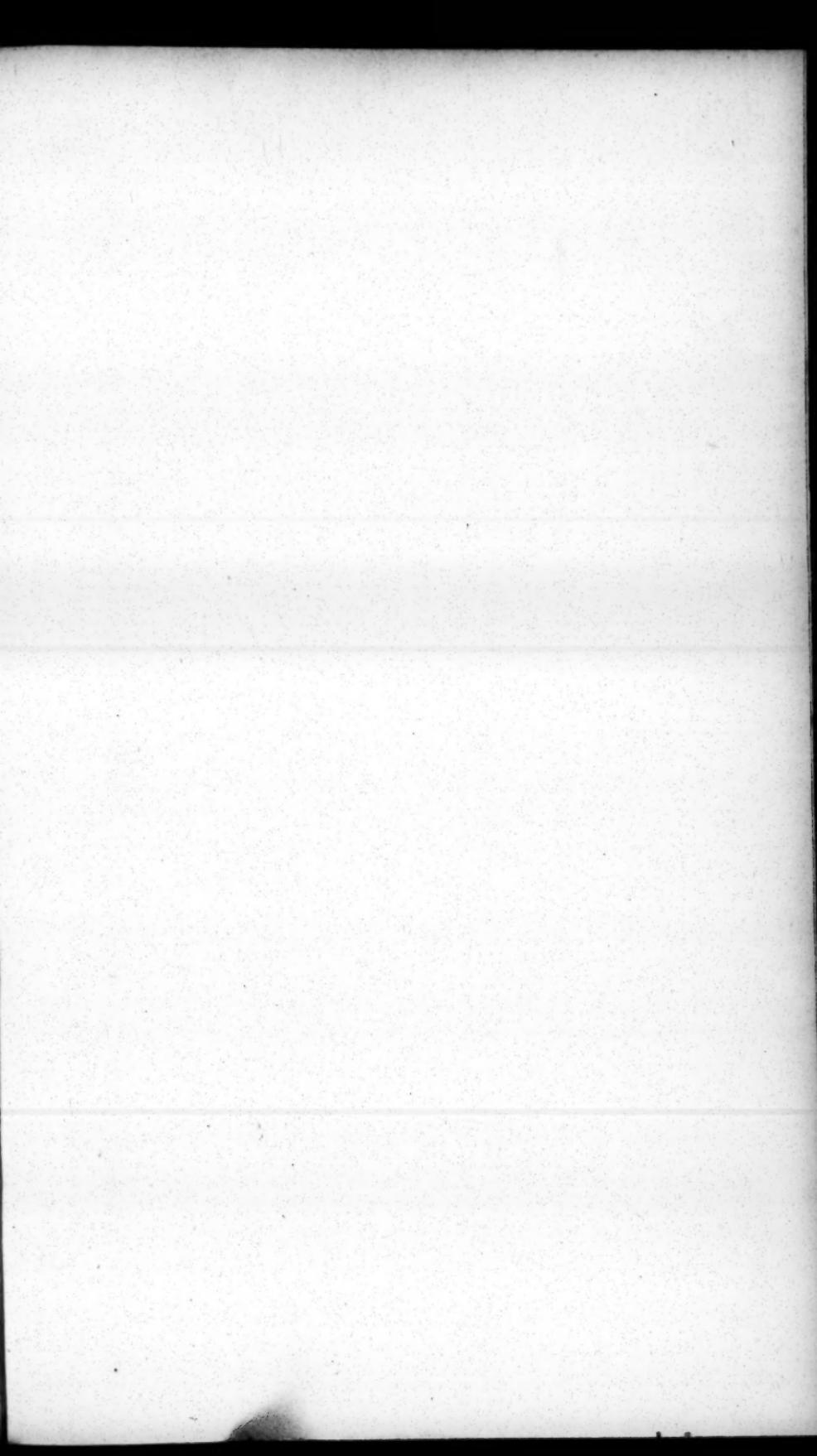
*[Exeunt with Drums beating and Colours flying.]*

F I N I S.

# E P I L O G U E.

*To be spoke by one representing a Press-Master attended by Sailors.*

WHEN Shakespear flourish'd in the bloom of wit,  
Tho' crown'd with bays no Epilogues he wr:;  
The Age was modest, then no Fop appear'd  
To damn his Plays, because his Lash they fear'd.  
But now our Critics are so numerous grown,  
They infect the Pit, and overswarm the Town.  
The Author, therefore, hegg'd I would step in,  
To press o: Board all those who make a Din.  
The town can spare em: Then, by Jove I say,  
I'll press you all that dare to damn this Play:  
With Pistol-cock'd, and Cutlas by my side,  
I'll spare no Fop, let forth in Peacock's Pride,  
Tho' lac'd and powder'd, and perfum'd most sweet;  
That dares not man the Ladies, or the Fleet;  
Away on Board the Fleet I'll take them all.  
The Spaniards face, and give 'em t'other fall;  
Destroy their Navy, if they dare us meet.  
And scow'r their Coast, to take their silver fleet.  
When great *Augustus* bids, we'll homeward steer,  
Then court the Ladies, when we all come here.  
Mean while we'll cry, as we ride o'er the Main,  
My George and Charlotte for ever reign,  
To rule Great-Britain and its Laws maintain.



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